And sets them leaping as he sings,
His tresses rippling to the sky,
And deep beneath the Maenad cry
His proud voice rings :
" Come, O ye Bacchae, come !"

All the Maidens.

Hither, O fragrant of Tmolus the Golden,
Come with the voice of timbrel and drum j
Let the cry of your joyance aplift and embolden
The God of the joy-cry ; O Bacchanals, come I
With pealing of pipes and with Phrygian clamour,
On, where the vision of holiness thrills,
And the music climbs and the maddening glamour,
With the wild White Maids, to the hills, to the hills!
Oh, then, like a colt as he runs by a river,
A colt by his dam, when the heart of him sings,
With the keen limbs drawn and the fleet foot a-quiver,
Away the Bacchanal springs 1

Enter TEIRESIAS, *// is an old man and blind^ leaning upon a staff and moving with slow stateHness, though wearing the Ivy and tfu Bacchic fawn-skin**

TEIRESIAS.

Ho, there, who keeps the gate ?—Go, summon me
Cadmus, Agfinor's son, who crossed the sea
From SIdoa and uprcared this Theban hold.
Go, whosoe'er thou art. Sec he be told
Teiresias seeketh him. Himself will gauge
Mine errand, and the compact, age with age.